THE WAY IT GOES.

When Tom and Bill were baby boys,
Infant Bill
Was fretful, squally, full of noise—
Homely Bill—
Redheaded, and it was a fact
From morn till night his parents racked
To keep his neck from being cracked—
Troublesome Bill.

As he grew older folks would say
Lazy Bill,
But naught he'd care; it was his way—
Shiftless Bill.
He'd spend his time in idle joys
And put his jobs on other boys,
Poor fools that followed his decoys—
Scheming Bill.

And when the boys to college went
Foolish Bill
To grinding work no interest lent—
Hopeless Bill—
While Tom was quick and apt to learn
And said bright things at every turn
That made the slow with envy burn—
Sluggish Bill.

School life was done, with all its joys—
Thankful Bill—
And business life claimed both the boys—
A chance for Bill.
Tom made a noise—a stir, you know—
But somehow it ne'er seemed to go,
While close mouthed Bill raked in the dough—
Knowing Bill.

The years have come and gone away
For Tom and Bill.
Tom keeps a set of books each day.
And Bill
Has office hours from ten till two.
He's looking for new worlds to do.
He owns a block, a bank or two—
Incomprehensible Bill.
—Al Dunlap in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

Well, gentlemen (the great tragedian's voice shook a little as he put down his glass in the silence), you little know perhaps what a string you touched upon when you coupled my name with that of the great dead and gone actor, Franklin Hyde. If I closed my eyes for a moment, I could easily believe that this was all a dream. When I think of the strange and unexpected incident that sent me up the golden ladder at a bound and of the man—well, there, gentlemen, I suppose few of you would credit that one night, only 15 years ago, I was upon the verge of suicide.

It was about as black as it could be—partly, I own, because my ambition stood in my way. But when a man has studied and dreamed of a telling part in Drury Lane autumn drama his soul not unnaturally sickens at the thought of reverting to minor roles in second rate touring companies. That was it. I had been promised the part of Julian Armstrong in that immortal piece, "Exiled," and then, when it came to rehearsal, it turned out that by some strange mistake the part had already been allocated to another man. That man was Franklin Hyde, and I am not sure that I did not hate him on the spot. True, I received a check as a set off, but it seemed that my life chance had been snatched away, and my debts had mounted up again before I set to work to shake off the stupor of that disappointment. And then I found that I had let many other chances slip.

Somehow—many of you who saw it played and recollect the great possibilities it gave will understand why—that part of Julian Armstrong had put a spell over me. I got in at a rehearsal. Standing by, sick with jealousy and longing, I watched Hyde's conception, and, great as it was, I believed my own was greater, and a forlorn hope took possession of me. I determined to "understudy" him. Who knew? The drama was down to run until December. Might not some chance come in the interval? I felt—I knew—that I could play that part to the life. When, swallowing my pride, I spoke to Hyde of it, he laughed of course.

"Waste of time and talent, I'm afraid, Mr. Lorrimer. Still I would not check ambition. If anything unforeseen should occur, and you are still anxious—well, we might think of you."

And for weeks I was crazy enough to go dreaming of that great possibility. I studied the part until I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would wake up in the night and shout out my lines. I would go to the theater just to watch him and sit filled with a hunger of longing that I could never put into words. I would wait hours outside just to see him step into his carriage, for "Exiled" had taken the town by storm, and he had a reputation now to live up to.

And here—here was mid-November, and my young wife and I living—no, starving—on dreams. We sat there in the dingy room that night, and perhaps there was something in my face, in my laugh, that told her what had been in my mind, for she did a thing she had not done all through that black time—came suddenly behind me to put her arm round my neck and burst into a passion of sobs—sobs that would have frightened me at another time.

"Wilfred—don't! I'll work—I'll do anything, but don't look so! Wilfred, it's no use—they will never send to you to play Julian, and you know it. Put it out of your mind and think of something else. Yes, I know—I know what you could do and what it might mean for us in the future, but the people go now to see Franklin Hyde, not Julian alone. Oh, if he knew! I don't wish it, nor do you, but if—if"—She stopped short there, as with a sudden instinct. "Wilfred!" she breathed.

Why? Well, queer ideas had been flitting in and out of my overtaxed brain that night. I know I got to my feet and held Maggie away by the arm and stood staring past her.

"Aye," I whispered, "to think that there's only the one 'if' in the way! I'm not—I mean nothing. But suppose a little something happened to him one of these last nights—suppose he slipped or his horse took fright! Suppose"—

Perhaps I had taken a step unconsciously, I don't know, but Maggie gave a little cry and a rush and stood there against the door, white and trembling.

"Stand still!" I recollect her whispering. "You are mad—you will not go out again tonight. There, there, now you are calmer. Why, Wilfred, whatever were you thinking of?"

That night I did not close my eyes. I lay staring up at the ceiling. Did I hate him? No, no! But that dreadful thought had come into my head, and it would not go. To think that, should the little accident happen, I might be able to take his place, if only for the once! The once! It made my poor brain reel. I felt I must get up and rush away from it or something would happen. I could see the blazing footlights and the blurred row upon row of pale faces, hear the shouts, feel myself drunk with the triumph, so great the play had proved. You see, so long I had dwelt on the thought I could not realize it was not a possible reality. And Maggie—in her sleep she seemed to know. Several times I heard her sob.

All that next day, too, she hung by me like my own shadow. The least movement on my part seemed to frighten her. But I did not realize that day's doings till afterward. He lived at Hampstead, in a big, lonely house. I had been to look at it. There was a gravel sweep from the door between two rows of tall evergreens down to the gate. He always stepped into his brougham, they said, at about a quarter to 7. Supposing that this very evening a man ran out from between the evergreens—a man with a knife or something! Who would be able to play Julian then?

I dared not look into Maggie's eyes. I knew vaguely, although I tried to disbelieve it, that I only waited for her to turn her back one moment. I was mad. Four o'clock came—5 o'clock. It had grown dusk. She had been sewing while I lay on the couch.

Presently she put aside her work, tiptoed across and looked down at me. My eyes were closed, but I knew—I breathed hard.

"He's asleep," I heard her whisper. "Thank heaven!" and she crept out of the room.

Was it to be? It seemed so. I remember that I sat up, both hands to my head, afraid of myself. Next minute, holding my breath, I had taken my hat and slipped out of the house. To do what? I did not know. Afterward it all seemed like a dream. "Hampstead!" A hand seemed drawing me on, and that one word beat in and out of my brain. I must have obeyed both without attempting to realize. Hampstead was two miles away, but just before the clock struck 6 I found myself standing outside Franklin Hyde's house.

His house! All silent, but soon his carriage would drive out to carry him to the scene of his nightly triumph. Measured steps—a policeman coming. Hot all over, I crouched back among those evergreens. What was I doing? God knows. I tried to drag myself away from the fascination, but suddenly a light shot out from a window on the left. Ah, there was a balcony running along that wall of the house, and a shadow kept wavering across the patch of light. Never pausing to think, I went up the steps, tiptoed along and was peering between some ivy boughs into the room. The shadow—

It was Hyde himself—and alone. A billiard table ran the length of the room, and he was leaning over the far end, his cue tip feeling the way for some stroke. Ah, that was a minute! As if it were only yesterday, I can see that picture now—the green baize, the pointed stick and Hyde's impassive face craned forward, his wide eyes unconsciously staring straight toward me. Spellbound, without knowing why, I hung breathlessly on the stroke of his cue—and it never came.

He turned suddenly half round, then straightened up. The door behind him had opened, and a servant was saying something. Next moment a woman was standing in the doorway, one hand put out as if she were frightened. She pulled the door to, took one step, and then lifted her veil. My heart gave one never forgotten jump. It was—it was my wife!

"Oh, forgive my coming!" I heard her say faintly. She had a hand to her breast. "I—I was afraid something might—I—my husband"—She broke off there and stood staring at him, as if afraid for what she might have done.

"Your husband?" Hyde repeated slowly. "You will pardon me, but I really don't understand."

"No," she began. Even at such a moment my heart went out to her—she looked so white and imploring. I could see it all—what she had feared, why she had come. I felt a mad longing to crash through that window and confront him, but mastered myself by a great effort. She had taken another step and put a hand on his arm. "Oh, don't ask me what or why," I just caught. "I thought perhaps—nothing, nothing! Only be careful of yourself, sir, going to and from the theater!"

That was it. I saw him start and look slowly round.

"What do you mean?" he said, looking down into her poor eyes. "Careful of myself? Your husband, you said. Do I know him? Yes, I insist. You come here—what did you fear? What is his name?"

"Lorrimer!" she must have whispered.

"Lorrimer—ah!" I shall not forget soon the way he turned round, his finger to his lips, as if intensely struck. "Why, that's the man"—he turned back to her—"and you thought he was—here! Why"—

He was interrupted by a choking gasp. She had seen me—seen my face pressing close against the glass—and stood with dilated eyes. There was no time to run, or even to realize. The window was thrown up, and Hyde had me—yes, by the throat. Into the light he dragged me like a thief, had his stare, and then his grip relaxed.

"Oh!" he breathed, with half a sneer. "So this is how you understudy me, is it? You—what were you doing there? Shall I send for the police?"

I neither spoke nor moved. I could not. He stepped back. I suppose that the turn of my whole life, for better or worse, hung in the balance at that moment, and it was Maggie who turned the scale. Her woman's quickness saved me for this moment. There were two outstretched arms between him and that door. Maggie!

"Oh, Mr. Hyde, if you knew but the half, you would weep for him!" She said that, and he, who had seen so many women play a part to him, seemed held to listen in spite of himself. "Think! he was to have played the part. It seemed that his ambition was to be suddenly crowned—he believed he could idealize it. And then all his hopes to be crushed in a moment! Yes, think! Go back to your own struggling days; stand where he stands now. Night and day he has been tortured by the thought of what he might be today—by the foolish hope that he might be able to take your place for one night. Oh, no, it was not professional spite. It was only a human longing to do himself justice. If that is not to be, at least you will let him go as he came, and I will answer for the rest. One day—one day my husband will succeed. I know it—and then he will thank you!"

And Hyde, stupefied, looked from one to the other of us, hesitated and closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of her close, imploring face. Then, drawing a breath, he turned to me, without the sneer, but incredulously.

"And so you think that you could play Julian—such a Julian, I mean, as would stir that crowd hurrying west at this moment?"

"Try him!" she put in in a thrilling whisper. Unconsciously she had said the cleverest thing she could have done, if only because it spurred his curiosity.

"Quick!" he said suddenly, glancing at his watch. "I have barely half an hour. For the moment you shall be Julian, with an audience of two. Now, without a pause, the lines at the mine. Enter Sabroff, cracking his whip: 'His wife! Is he mad? Tell him sentiment dies a natural death here in Siberia!'"

As if it had been a challenge—as if my personality had been transformed while the words were on his lips—I took him up. It was the telling speech of the play—the part in which Hyde obtained his greatest triumph night by night.

How I delivered it I cannot say. I only know that my whole soul seemed to go out in the words, and that when I had finished my wife stood there like a statue, and Hyde's own lips were parted. There was a queer silence in the room for what seemed minutes. Then—then I looked and saw his hand put out.

"Mr. Lorrimer," he said, "I take back that word. You have not understudied me—you have created your own conception."

He stood awhile, his hand to his forehead. Then he sat down, tore a slip of paper from his notebook and wrote something off impetuously.

"There," he said, "I'm not going to ask why you came here—I know. And I'm doing something for you that not many men would do in the circumstances. Take that note to my dresser and play Julian. It's quite right, Mr. Lorrimer, or will be, I hope. You want your chance. You shall have it. I am indisposed for this one night. You—it lies in your hands to give the public their money's worth. Take my brougham and be off, and I'll telegraph to the manager. You will find all you require in my room there, and, one word, if ever you kept your head, keep it now."

* * * * * * *

I knew that my wife had kissed me, and that a few minutes later I was being rattled along the streets, but that was about all. It was not until the very moment when I stepped on to that stage as Julian that I made the effort of my life and realized fully how my destiny as an actor was in my own hands. And then—well, I need say no more. Some of you here will recollect that night and know better than I what it was that made my audience rise at me, and why I have never looked back. As for me, the one thing I remember clearly is that as I left the theater like one in a dream a man gripped my hand and said—something that I shall never forget.

That man was Franklin Hyde. Gentlemen, here's to his memory—God bless him!—London Tit-Bits.

— A French Canadian widow in Montreal, aged 65, is the mother of 26 children. The eldest is 42 years of age, and she has just had him arrested for abusing her.

THINE EYES.

Thine eyes still draw my soul unto thine own
Although our hands have strangers grown
And lips have never dearer known,
Thine eyes all other loves dethrone,
Thine eyes with passion flowers sown.

All that the tyranny of life denies—
Heartbroken vows, unvoiced replies,
Visions that swift forbidden rise—
Live in the nearness of thine eyes,
Thine eyes too tender to be wise!
—Harper's Bazar.

SACRIFICE.

After mass the priest Legrand returned to the vestry room. The dull light of a November sky glimmered through the panes of the only window. Out of the obscurity there arose a woman, a pitiful object, with her little kerchief knotted beneath her chin, her face bathed in tears. She threw herself at the feet of the priest, crying out, "They are going to shoot him!"

"Shoot him! Who?" asked the priest.

"The Prussians—my husband!" and a sob choked the unfortunate creature. Very much affected, the priest quickly set down his chalice on a table and, taking the hands of the poor woman in his own, made her stand up.

"But how—your husband?"

"Yes; on account of the uhlans that were killed yesterday by the sharpshooters. The Prussians have had lots drawn this morning, and three men are to be shot—Vincent, Laideur and my husband. Save him, reverend sir!"

"But I can do nothing," replied the priest, with a discouraging gesture, and then, his bowed head resting on his hands, he began to reflect. The thought of the misfortune that was about to befall his parishioners and his own inability to avert it grieved him deeply. Not to be able to help them, his flock—for whom he spent himself unceasingly, devoted even to sacrifice. Should he allow her to depart thus, this weeping woman who had come to ask him for her husband? "I must save him at any price," he said to himself, and, turning to the woman, "Take courage," he said, "and hope."

Hastily he took off his priestly ornaments and directed his steps to the mayor's residence, where was installed the captain commanding a platoon of uhlans sent as an advance guard. The naturally pale face of the priest grew paler and paler as the road shortened. The idea of this formidable interview made him quiver with excitement, but his excitement banished his timidity. He was conducted into the council room. Seated at a table, the captain was signing some papers. He looked the priest full in the face, and, in order to anticipate a request that he dreaded, said in French, in an abrupt manner:

"What do you want, sir?"

"I have come to ask—pardon for the people of this village. They are innocent," stammered out the priest.

"War has terrible necessities," replied the captain. "Your sharpshooters kill a number of our men every day. We must have done with them. So much the worse for the villages that harbor them."

The priest tried to argue the matter, but all his reasons were shattered against the pitiless logic of the German officer. At length, convinced of his inability, he tried only to save one of his prisoners.

"Grant me at least the pardon of Leroy. He has three little children."

The captain showed some sign of pity, but, pointing to the table on which his papers lay, he said: "The orders are explicit. I would be untrue to my duty as a soldier. You ought to understand me, sir, you who are a priest. Three of our uhlans have been killed. We must have three victims."

Nothing was left for the priest to do but to depart. However, he did not stir. After a somewhat protracted silence the captain raised his head from the papers with which he was busy and snapped his fingers with a gesture of impatience. Suddenly the priest advanced, and, as if almost ashamed, he murmured:

"I have neither wife nor children. Will you accept me?"

The officer fixed his eyes upon the priest with a look of sympathy. After a moment's silence he said:

"This is a serious thing that you ask of me. You are young yet. Think of it well."

"I beg you to grant it," said the priest.

Without replying, the captain began to write. Then he arose and, holding out a sheet of paper, said, "Here is the order to set the man Leroy at liberty and put you in his place." And in a grave tone he added, "Reverend sir, will you do me the great honor to give me your hand?"

The priest extended his hand and heartily clasped the hand of the German officer.

With a light step, so happy at the thought of his sacrifice that, regardless of his dignity, he was disposed to run, the priest rapidly reached the schoolhouse where the condemned men were imprisoned. The commander of the guard, a uhlan officer, trailed his saber before the door with a great clank. Without deigning to answer the salute of the priest, he took roughly the sheet of paper, but, after reading it over, the harsh expression of his face grew softer. He drew himself up to his full height and, raising his hand to his shako, he said respectfully:

"Will you please enter, sir?"

At the door of the schoolroom the priest begged the officer to summon Leroy, who, overwhelmed with grief, seized the hands of the priest, murmuring:

"My wife! My poor little ones!"

"Courage, my friend," said the priest. "Do not lose hope."

With tact he told his parishioner that he was pardoned on account of his family. The man began to laugh and dance, almost beside himself. He wanted to run home immediately, but the priest succeeded in calming him, and at length they both set out on the road to his house. Near a gate the priest said:

"Remain here. I am going to inform your wife."

She, surrounded by her children, whose merry voices were now hushed, was sadly working in her humble cottage, but the beaming face of the priest as he approached announced the joyful news.

"He is free!"

Without replying, the priest smiled.

"I want to see him!" she exclaimed.

"He is coming." And husband and wife were in each other's arms in silent joy.

"We have not thanked you," said the man at last.

The priest, very much moved, replied, "Your happiness is my reward." He clasped the hands of the husband and wife, kissed the children and hastened to return to the schoolhouse. In a corner of the schoolroom the forest keeper, Laideur, a veteran of the Italian and Crimean campaigns, gloomy, his arms crossed, stoically smoked his pipe. Near him Vincent, a young man about 18 years of age, his head resting on his hands, seemed to sleep.

The priest sat down between the two prisoners. His exhortations and his encouragements made the young man sob. Laideur swore. The priest took each by the arm, and, knowing that no one would communicate with them, he said to them:

"We must stand together by and by. You, Laideur, must set us an example, an old soldier like you."

"You are going to be with us?" asked the forest keeper.

"Yes, indeed, instead of Leroy, you understand. He has a wife and children."

Carried away with enthusiasm, Laideur exclaimed:

"You are indeed a hero! Surely we will stand by each other! If I could only have killed a few more of those cock sparrows—but my rheumatism!"

With a smile, the priest calmed the excitement of the worthy fellow, and then, turning to Vincent, asked if he wished to confess. The young man consented. "And you, Laideur?" he asked.

"Oh, as to me, you know I am not pious!"

"Do it for my sake."

"Well, now, would that give you pleasure?"

"Much pleasure, my friend."

"Very well, then," said the forest keeper, pulling up his sleeves as if about to unload a heavy burden.

On his return to his vestry—for he had obtained permission to remain free in order to make his final arrangements—the priest asked the sexton to summon the inhabitants of the village to meet him at the church at 3 o'clock.

According to habit, after his breakfast he took some bits of bread and sugar and went into the inclosure in front of his house. On catching sight of him his donkey stopped feeding and advanced toward him. The priest put his arms around her neck, and with the palm of his hand stroked her velvety nostrils, repeating: "My good beast! My good beast!"

His tenderness was extended to all the animals, companions of his solitude, and these, rendered gentle by his great kindness, offered themselves to his caresses. Meantime the donkey had freed her head and walked around her master, snuffing the air and then began to bray.

"Greedy one, is that what you want?" said the priest, drawing out from his cassock a piece of bread.

Sounds of clucking and flapping of wings now claimed his attention. He stooped, and cocks and hens came to peck from his hands. His rabbits were not forgotten either. While giving them some bran he slowly passed his hand through the fur of their rounded backs. As his donkey had followed him, he handed her a bit of sugar, and the beast began to munch it, shaking her ears with visible satisfaction. Her round and gentle eyes seemed to regard her master tenderly. The priest felt a cold chill pass through his frame, and, with bowed head, his hands behind his back, he went into his garden.

In the midst of the squares of earth glittered the clean gravel walks. The leafless pear trees stretched their arms, covered with straw, in parallel lines along the wall. The priest fastened up a loosened branch with a bit of osier and dreamily continued his walk in the bright sunshine along the garden wall. Pausing at length, he opened a little door looking out on the fields.

Silent, bathed in light and moisture, the plain stretched far away. In places stacks of wheat, rounded like dovecots or similar to little houses, formed hamlets of straw. To the left a forest of beech trees joined the pine wood, which barred the horizon. For a long time the priest fixed his eyes on this familiar landscape, as if to imprint it upon them. Then he closed the door, but his look, passing above the walls, stopped at the church clock. The short hand was between the figures 1 and 2; the other had passed over the half of the dial plate.

"In three hours I will be dead," thought he, and instinctively he crossed his arms over his breast, as if to protect it against the bullets. Three hours longer and he would be nothing more than a lifeless body, nailed up in his coffin. In his morbid imagination he seemed to hear the dull thud of the first spadefuls of earth upon the wood.

To die thus in full health, in the vigor of life! Was this possible? How many simple pleasures in his happy life, without desires and without ambitions; the duties of his priesthood, the alleviation of the poor and suffering, the intercourse with his brethren, the care of his animals and of his garden! Ah, why had he committed this folly of offering himself as a sacrifice? Distracted with anguish, he sprang with a bound to the gate and opened it abruptly. His look followed the grassy path that led from the foot of the wall and, winding between the plowed fields, joined the road. In thought he hastened along this road, and dashed through the forest into well known paths. Yonder, some miles away, was a railway station.

The priest bent his head forward in anxious gaze. The plain was deserted as far as the horizon. No one would see him flee. He would reach the station, take the train and go far, far away—would be free, would live, would live!

Maddened, he was about to rush forward, bareheaded, but his word of honor—but Leroy!

With a sob, he closed the gate, and, kneeling, he called to his aid, with all the strength of his faith, that Saviour who at the approach of death had experienced in the garden on the Mount of Olives all its terrors, all its agonies—dying, as it were, in advance. He besought him to aid him to the end and restore to him his fortitude; then, with renewed strength and recognizing that solitude and reverie induced weakness, he hastened back to his house. His accounts made out exactly, his little property classified and valued, he made his will, leaving small sums to the most needy of his parishioners and little souvenirs to others. Finally he bequeathed his donkey to a wealthy family, with the request that they would never sell her, and thus spare her from spending her last days in misery, dragging along the roads the cart of some peddler.

Having completed these arrangements, he passed a long time in fervid prayer, asking pardon for his faults and relying wholly on the mercy and justice of God.

As the clock struck 3 the priest descended the stairway of his house and proceeded to the church.

This was as full as on days of high festival. In the presence of the misfortune that was about to fall upon the village even the most thoughtless had come to assemble about the man who represented the highest moral authority. In his surplice the priest passed through the crowd of worshipers, and, ascending the pulpit steps, after a few moments of meditation he said: "My brethren, I am very glad to see you united here in such great numbers. The authorities have been pleased to grant me the pardon of Leroy, but I have not been able to obtain that of Laideur and Vincent. I have seen them and comforted them. They are ready to die as Frenchmen and as Christians."

Without fine phrases, but with perfect simplicity, he spoke of duty, self sacrifice and love of country. His words sent a thrill through his assembly, whose ideal was ordinarily confined to material interests.

Turning toward the altar, he intoned in a firm voice the "De Profundis." Then he gave his blessing to the congregation, praying for patience and resignation and requesting each one to return to his home and there remain. Leaving the church, he was seen to direct his steps to the schoolhouse.

The next morning the inhabitants of the village learned that their priest had been shot by the Prussians.—From the French For Short Stories.

A Stony Pair.

The following "stony" wedding announcement appears in an east Tennessee exchange: "Married at Flintstone, by Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Whitestone and Miss Wilhelmina Sandstone, both of Limestone." This is getting mighty "rocky," and there's bound to be a "blasting" of these "stony" hearts before many "pebbles" appear on the connubial beach. The grindstone of domestic infelicity will sharpen the ax of jealousy and discord, and sooner or later one or the other of the pair will rest beneath a tombstone. Then look out for the brimstone.—Lexington Argonaut.

To the Point.

"It's utterly absurd," exclaimed King Cheops, rising to put an end to the argument, "to say there 'is always room at the top.' I'll show you there is not!"

And he went out and built the great pyramid.—Chicago Tribune.

— With the exception of Brazil, Spanish is the prevailing language of every country in South America.

— A lady tells that when she was a poor little girl, living in the country, she used to "plant corn in her bare feet." This imparts a new idea of the origin of those troublesome things growing on our toes.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY

AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE
In effect June 18, 1898.

Lv Augusta	9 15 am	1 30 pm
Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	.....
Ar Anderson	.....	6 10 pm
Ar Laurens	12 50 pm	7 00 am
Ar Greenville	2 15 pm	10 15 am
Ar Glenn Springs	4 05 pm	.....
Ar Spartanburg	2 30 pm	10 20 am
Ar Saluda	4 25 pm	.....
Ar Hendersonville	4 59 pm	.....
Ar Asheville	5 52 pm	.....
Lv Asheville	8 28 am	.....
Lv Spartanburg	11 35 am	3 05 pm
Lv Glenn Springs	10 00 am	.....
Lv Greenville	11 50 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens	1 20 pm	8 50 pm
Lv Anderson	.....	6 30 am
Lv Greenwood	2 35 pm	.....
Ar Augusta	4 55 pm	10 50 am
Lv Calhoun Falls	4 44 pm	.....
Ar Raleigh	2 16 am	.....
Ar Norfolk	7 30 am	.....
Ar Petersburg	6 00 am	.....
Ar Richmond	8 15 am	.....
Lv Augusta	.....	2 55 pm
Ar Allendale	.....	5 00 pm
Ar Fairfax	.....	5 15 pm
Ar Yemassee	9 45 am	6 20 pm
Ar Beaufort	10 50 am	7 20 pm
Ar Port Royal	11 05 am	7 35 pm
Ar Savannah	.....	7 35 pm
Ar Charleston	.....	9 10 pm
Lv Charleston	.....	6 00 am
Lv Savannah	.....	6 50 am
Lv Port Royal	1 40 pm	8 30 am
Lv Beaufort	1 55 pm	8 40 am
Lv Yemassee	3 05 pm	9 45 am
Lv Fairfax	.....	10 51 am
Lv Allendale	.....	11 05 am
Ar Augusta	.....	1 10 pm

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